



ALFRED H. BERRY.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

PUBLISHER & PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

The World is Bright before Thee.

BY FITZ GREENE HALLACK.

The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are shining;
Is calm the sky is so serene—
Thy bosom vision's shining;
And thine the sunbeam given
To nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's tower.

There is a song of sorrow—
The death-dirge of the day—
That tells of dawn of sorrow,
These charms may fade away,
Thou sun's bright beam be faded,
Thou sky be blue no more,
The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not; though lonely
Thy evening hours may be,
Though beauty's talk be only
Flout on a summer sea,
Though Time thy bloom be stealing,
There's still beyond his art,
The wild-flowers of feeling—
The sunbeam of the heart.

An Incident.

A few years since, an American officer was stationed at a fort, by one of the Northern lakes. During the long winter months he and his wife were indeed very happy, for there were whites enough in the neighborhood to make a pleasant circle, and the Indians were exceedingly friendly; but the first summer evening when Mrs. B. raised her low windows, and hung aside the curtains to let in the fresh air, placed her little table in the middle of the white floor, and lighted her pretty solar lamp, brought from her home with so much care, and the Lieutenant was sitting in the open door looking out upon the forest, peaceful as the shadows that lay on the ground; the pair were startled with the appearance of many Indians, thrusting their dark visages in at every window, and running hurriedly past the door, looking in and pointing upward to the sky; and children clapping their hands and laughing with signs all as mysterious as the object of their visit; until, overcome with wonder and delight, they exclaimed—*Wessayeh! Wessayeh!* She has caught a moon! She has caught a moon! and then these strange people looking at the beautiful globe of light upon the table, supposing it to be really a moon, wondered why they had never been able to fish one up from the lake, or dip it from the pond, and why, thought they, does it always run through our fingers, so like water, when we try to scoop it up from the brooks?

A pedagogue threatened to punish a pupil who had called him a fool behind his back.

"Don't! don't!" begged the boy. "I won't do so again, sir, never! I will never speak what I think again in my life!"

John Taylor.

A Tale of the Early Palpit and Bar.

[The subject of the following sketch, John Taylor, was licensed when a youth of twenty-one, to practice at the bar of Philadelphia. He was poor, but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. The graces of his person, combined with the superiority of his intellect, enabled him to win the hand of a fashionable beauty. Twelve months afterwards, the husband was employed by a wealthy firm of the city to go on a mission as land agent to the west. As a heavy salary was offered, Taylor bid farewell to his wife and infant son. He wrote back every week, but received not a line in answer. Six months elapsed when the husband received a letter from his employer that explained all. Shortly after his departure for the west, the wife and her father removed to Mississippi. There she immediately obtained a divorce by an act of the Legislature, married again forthwith, and, to complete the climax of cruelty and wrong, had the name of Taylor's son changed to Mark—that of her second matrimonial partner! The perfidy nearly drove Taylor insane. His career, from that period, became eccentric. In the last days, sometimes he preached, sometimes he plied at the bar; until at last a fever carried him off at a comparatively early age.]

I can never forget my first vision of John Taylor. It was in the courthouse at Lewisburg, Conway county, Arkansas, in the summer of 1838. The occasion itself possessed terrible interest. A vast concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the trial of a young and beautiful girl, on an indictment for murder. The Judge waited at the moment for the sheriff to bring in the prisoner, and the eyes of the impatient multitude all centered on the door; when suddenly a stranger entered, whose appearance riveted universal attention.

Here is his portrait—a figure, tall, lean, sinewy, and straight as an arrow; a face, sallow, bilious, and twitching incessantly with nervous irritation; a brow, broad, massive, seamed and filled with wrinkles, but not from age—for he was scarcely forty; eyes reddish yellow, like the wrathful eagle, as bright and piercing, and finally a mouth, with lips of cast iron, thin, curled, cold and sneering, the intense expression of which looked the living embodiment of an unbathed curse. He was habited in a suit of new buckskin, ornamented after the fashion of Indian costume, with hues of every color of the rainbow.

Elbowing his way slowly through the crowd, and unconscious that he was regarded as a phenomenon needing explanation, this singular being advanced, and with the haughty air of a king ascending the throne, seated himself within the bar thronged as it was with the disciples of Coke and Blackstone, several of whom it was known, esteemed themselves as far superior to those old and famous masters.

The contrast between the outlandish garb and disdainful countenance of the stranger, excited, especially, the risibility of the lawyers; and the junior members began a suppressed titter, which grew louder and swept the circle. They doubtless supposed the intruder to be some wild hunter of the mountains, who had never before seen the interior of a hall of justice. Instantly perceiving the cause, and object of the laughter, he turned his head, gradually, so as to give each a laugh a look—his yellow eyes shot arrows of lightning—his tongue protruding through his teeth, literally writhed like a serpent, and ejaculating his asp-like poison in a single word: "Savages!" No pen can describe the defiant force which he threw into that term, no pencil can paint the infernal furor of his utterance although it hardly exceeded a whisper. But he accented every letter as if it were a separate emission of fire that scorched his quivering lips, laying a horrible emphasis on the S, both at the beginning and end of the word "savages!"

It was the growl of the red tiger in the hiss of the rattlesnake.

The general gaze, however, was diverted by the advent of the fair prisoner, who then came in, surrounded by her guard. The apparition was enough to drive a saint mad; for there was a style of beauty to bewilder the faintest imagination, and melt the coldest heart, leaving in both imagin-

ation and heart a gleaming picture, enameled in fire, and fixed in a frame of gold from the stars. It was the spell of enchantment to be felt as well as seen. You might feel it in the flushes of her countenance, clear as a sunbeam, brilliant as the iris; in the contour of her features, symmetrical as if cut by the chisel of an artist; in her hair of rich auburn ringlets, flowing without a braid, softer than silk, finer than gossamer; in the eye, blue as the heaven of southern summer, large, liquid, beaming; in her motion, graceful, swimming, like the gentle waftures of a bird's wing in the sunny air; in figure, slight, ethereal—a sylph's; and more than all, in the everlasting smiles of the rosy lips, so arched, so serene, so like star-light, and yet possessing the power of magic or of magnetism to thrill the beholder's heart.

As the unfortunate girl, so tastefully dressed, so incomparable as to personal charms, calm and smiling, took her place before the bar of her judge, a murmur of admiration arose from the multitude, which the prompt interposition of the court, by a stern order of "silence," could scarcely repress from swelling to a deafening cheer.

The judge turned to the prisoner—*"Emma Miner, the court has been informed that your counsel, Col. Linton, is sick; have you employed any other?"*

She answered in a voice as sweet as the warbling of the nightingale, and as clear as the song of the skylark—

"My enemies have bribed all the lawyers—even my own—to be sick; but God will defend the innocent!"

At this response, so touching in its simple pathos, a portion of the audience buzzed applause, and the rest wept.

On the instant, however, the stranger, whose appearance had previously excited such merriment, started to his feet, approached the prisoner and whispered something in her ear. She bounded six inches from the floor, uttering a piercing shriek, and then stood trembling as if in the presence of a ghost from eternity, while the singular being who caused her such unaccountable emotion addressed the court in his sharp ringing voice, sonorous as the sound of bell metal—

"May it please your honor, I will assume the task of defending the lady."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished judge, "are you a licensed attorney?"

"The question is irrelevant and immaterial," replied the stranger with a venomous sneer, "as the recent statute entitles any person to act as counsel at the request of a party."

"But does the prisoner request it?" inquired the judge.

"Let her speak for herself," said the stranger.

"I do," was the answer, as a long drawn sigh escaped that seemed to rend her very heart-strings.

The case immediately progressed; and as it had a tinge of romantic mystery, we will epitomize the substance of the evidence.

About twelve months before, the defendant had arrived in the village, and opened an establishment for millinery. Residing in a row connected with her shop, and all alone, she prepared the articles connected with her highly respected and honorable trade with unwearied labor and consummate taste. Her habits were secluded, modest and retiring; and hence she might have hoped to avoid notoriety, but for the perilous gift, that extraordinary beauty, which too often, and to the poor and friendless always, proves a curse.

She was soon sought after by all those glittering fire-flies of fashion. But the beautiful stranger rejected them all with unutterable scorn and loathing. Among these rejected admirers was one of a character from which the fair milliner had every thing to fear. Hiram Shore was once opulent, influential and dissipated. He was himself licentious, brave, and ferociously revengeful—the most famous duelist of the south-

west. It was generally known that he had made advances to win the favor of the lonely Emma, and had shared the fate of all other wooers—a disdainful repulse.

At nine o'clock on Christmas night, 1837, the people of Louisville were startled by a loud scream of mortal terror, while following, with scarcely an interval, came successive reports of fire arms, one, two, three, with a dozen deafening roars. They flew to the shop of the milliner whence the sound proceeded; pushed back the unfastened door and a scene of horror was presented. There she stood in the centre of the room with a revolver in each hand, every barrel discharged, her features pale, her eyes flashed wildly, but lips parted with a fearful smile. And there at her feet, weltering in his warm blood, his bosom literally riddled with bullets, lay the all-dreaded duelist, Hiram Shore, gasping in his last agony. He articulated but a single sentence: "Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to hell!" and instantly expired.

"In the name of God, who did this?" exclaimed the appalled spectators.

"I did it!" said the beautiful milliner—"I did it to save my honor!"

As may be readily imagined, the deed caused an immense sensation. Public opinion, however was divided. The poorer classes, crediting the girl's version of facts, lauded her heroism in terms of measureless eulogy. But the friends of the deceased and his wealthy family, gave a different and darker coloring to the affair, and denounced the lovely homicide as an atrocious criminal. Unfortunately for her, the officers of the law, especially the judge and the sheriff, were devoted comrades of the slain, and displayed their feelings in revolting partiality. The judge committed her without the privilege of bail, and the sheriff chained her in the felon's dungeon.

Such is the brief abstract of the circumstances developed in the examination of the witnesses. The testimony closed and the pleading began.

First of all, three advocates spoke in succession for the prosecution; but neither their names nor their arguments are worth preserving. Orators of the blood and thunder genus, they about equally partitioned their howling eloquence between the prisoner and her leather-robed counsel, as if in doubt who of the twin was on trial. As for the stranger, he seemed not to pay the slightest attention to his opponents, but remained motionless, with his forehead bowed on his hand, like one buried in deep thought or slumber.

When the proper time came, however, he suddenly sprang to his feet, crossed the bar and took his stand, almost touching the jury. He then commenced in a whisper, but it was a whisper so wild, so clear, so unutterably ringing and distinct as to fill the hall from floor to galleries. At the outset he dealt in pure logic, separating and combining the proven facts, till the whole mass of confused evidence looked transparent as a globe of glass, through which the innocence of his client shone brilliant as a sunbeam, and the jurors nodded to each other of thorough conviction; that thrilling whisper, and fixed concentration, and the language simple as a child's, had convinced them all.

He then changed his posture so as to sweep the bar at a glance, and began to tear and rend his legal adversaries. His sallow face glowed as a heated furnace, his eyes resembling living coals; and his voice became the clangor of a trumpet. I have never before or since, listened to such murderous denunciations. It was like Jove's eagle charging a flock of crows. It was like Jove himself, hurling red-hot thunder-bolts among the quaking ranks of conspiracy of inferior gods! And yet in the highest tempest of his fury, he seemed calm; he employed no gesture save one—the flash of his long fore-finger darted in the eyes of his foes. He pointed their venality and unmanly meanness, in coalescing for money, to hunt down a poor and friendless woman, till a shout of stifled rage arose from the multitude; and even some of the jury cried out—"Shame!"

He changed the theme once more. His voice grew mournful as a funeral song, and his eyes filled with tears, as he traced a vivid picture of man's cruelties and woman's wrongs, with peculiar illustrations in the case of his client, till one-half his audience wept like children. But it was in the peroration that he reached the zenith, at once, of terror and sublimity.

His features were as livid as those of a corpse; his very hair appeared to stand on one end; his nerves shook as with a palsy; he tossed his hands wildly towards heaven, each finger stretched apart, and quivering as the flame of a candle, as he closed with the last words of the deceased Hiram Shore—"Tell my mother I am dead and gone to hell!" His emphasis on the word "hell" embodied the name and ideal of horror; it was a wail of immeasurable despair. No language can depict the effect on us who heard it. Men groaned, females screamed, and one poor mother fainted, and was borne away in convulsions.

The whole speech occupied but an hour.

The jury returned a verdict of "not guilty," without leaving the box; and three cheers like successive roars of an earthquake, shook the whole court-house from the dome to the corner-stone, testifying the joy of the people. After the adjournment, which occurred near sunset, the triumphant advocate arose and gave out an appointment:

"I will preach in this house to-night at eight o'clock."

He then glided off through the crowd, speaking to no one, though many attempted to draw him into conversation.

At eight o'clock, the court-house was again thronged, and the stranger, according to promise, delivered his sermon. It evinced the same attribute of his previous eloquence at the bar; the same compact logic, the same burning vehemence, and increased bitterness of denunciation.

The Savannah Georgian very pithily says—A late number of the National Intelligencer contains an article from the Lowell paper, intended to show how much the manufacturers of that city are suffering from the present revenue law and from low duties. It seems that the consumers can buy such goods as these people manufacture, at a price lower than they can afford them at, and hence they ask Congress to increase the duties upon imported goods, so as to prevent us from getting them at present prices and thus enable these men to sell their goods to us at higher prices. The palpable and gross injustice of such a proposition would shock an unprejudiced mind at any time. But at this time, and under existing circumstances, for these abolition manufacturers of Massachusetts, to come before Congress with a proposition intended, in effect, to prevent us from buying the cheap goods of England and other countries and to compel us to buy theirs, is insulting in the last degree, and exhibits not only the character of these men, but the estimate they place upon the patience and forbearance of the Southern people.

THE ADVANCE OF OUR COUNTRY.

In no country, says the N. York Courier and Enquirer, has the advance been so great as in our own. In the year 1800, the population of the United States was 3,300,000; it is now 23,500,000. The number of States then composing the Union was 16; it is now 31. Our territory then was 1,000,000 square miles; it is now 3,200,000. All of our present domain west of the Mississippi then belonged to France and Spain, and was an unbroken wilderness. Florida was owned by Spain, and Georgia was the only State on the Gulf of Mexico. West of New York, there were no States but Kentucky and Tennessee, and these had spent most of their feeble energies in bloody strife with a savage foe.

Lithography.

Lithography is the art of printing from stone. The process is based upon the fact that printing ink being largely composed of oil, will not adhere to any surface which is wet with water.

Every one knows how utterly impossible it is to mix oil with water. To lithograph, then, all that is necessary is to draw on the smooth surface of a dry stone, with a greasy crayon, whatever is desired to be printed. A weak solution of nitric acid is then rubbed over the stone, which fastens the drawing so that it cannot be rubbed off. After this a solution of gum arabic is passed over the surface and then the stone is ready for printing.

By means of a sponge, water is now rubbed on the stone, and while yet wet the inking roller is applied. The ink, of course, adheres to the lines of the drawing, because they are oily, but to the wet stone it does not stick. The paper is now laid on and with the stone, passed through the press; the result being a beautiful and exact copy of whatever is drawn.

Such is the process by which the lithographic prints, that are sold in all parts of our country, are made. The colored ones are painted with water paints after the printing is completed.

The stone employed for lithography is of a peculiar kind of lime and clay nature, resembling in appearance a smooth yellow bone, yet possessing the quality of absorbing water. This stone is known as lithographic, or compact lime. It is found chiefly in Bavaria, one of the German states though there are quarries of it in England.

The Bavarian stones, however, are those most universally employed, and their importation is a considerable object in commerce. In New York these stones are worth from five to ten cents per pound.

Rail Road to the Pacific.

"While we are wasting our time (says the Washington Republic) in discussing the various plans that have been offered for a railroad across the continent, there is some danger that our own arguments may bring into the field a formidable rival." The subject is already attracting considerable attention in England. A work of 556 pages, handsomely executed, with illustrated maps and plates, entitled "Britain released and Canada preserved," has just been published in London, by F. A. Wilson, K. L. H., F. S., and Alfred B. Richards, Esq., barrister at Law, at Lincoln's Inn; the object of which is to urge upon the British government the project of a railroad from Halifax via Quebec to the Pacific, across the Canadas near our border line. It proposes to employ on the works all the convicts and paupers of Great Britain, besides other portions of the surplus population, of which, it is averred, more than five millions may be spared; to erect Canada into an integral part of the Kingdom, to be represented in Parliament; to govern it by a viceroyalty; and to establish there a nobility and all ranks of society corresponding to those of England."—*Nash, True Whig.*

A BAD FETTER.—The Washington Republic says: "A case was yesterday brought before Justice Smith involving, perhaps, a legal point of interest. A bought of a dry goods Merchant a piece of cloth adapted in quality and quantity for a coat pattern. He employed B to make the coat. B did so, but not in a satisfactory manner—firstly, because the coat would not fit, and secondly, because it was not cut out and made in an improved manner. A refused to receive the coat, and warranted B for the amount he had paid for the cloth. Judgment was given in favor of the plaintiff A. This is no doubt equity; and we are glad to learn that it is law, too."

The British Aristocracy.

The House of Lords consists of 335 members. Exclusive of Scotch and Irish Representative Peers, it contains two peers of royal blood, 21 dukes, 19 marquises, 109 earls, 18 viscounts, 121 barons, 2 archbishops, and 24 bishops. Although British nobility dates from remote antiquity, most of the peerage are of modern creation. Even as long ago as when Hume wrote, there was but one male lineal descendant of the Barons of William the Conqueror. More than two-thirds of the present peerage were erected during the last century. The fee simple of most of the land in the United Kingdom is vested in the nobility. The family estate of many an aristocratic house covers immense regions, exceeding in extent ordinary German principalities, and yielding revenues far greater. The annual income of the Duke of Westminster, who owns all that part of London in the vicinity of Easton and Berkeley Squares, is \$2,000,000; that of the Duke of Buccleugh—he of famous rate-refusing memory—is \$1,250,000; that of the Duke of Roxburgh is \$1,000,000. The Duke of Sutherland owns half of Scotland, but his revenues are somewhat less than any of the above, since the greater portions of his lands are irreclaimably barren. Some idea may be formed of the resources of the Duke of Buckingham, whose estate and effects were recently sold at Richmond, from the fact that his personal liabilities were not less than seven and a half millions of dollars.

Counterfeiters Arrested.

On Thursday night, a gang of counterfeiters, named Manfield Wood, Sarah Wood [his wife], Ann Kelly, Jane Wilson, Hosanna Moore, Chas. Wisner, and Emily Wisner, called at Mr. King's, druggist, in Broadway, corner of John's street, Dr. Morris, druggist, in Market street, and at several other druggist establishments, dry goods, and other stores, in various parts of the city, and passed \$10 counterfeit bills on the Miners' Bank, of Pottsville, Schuylkill county, Pa., to a considerable amount, until finally they were followed by one of their victims, who quickly discovered the fraud, notified Capt. Hopkins, of the third ward, who dispatched a number of officers to different parts of the city, and during the evening the above named offenders were apprehended and taken to the third ward station house, where they remain to be recognised. Yesterday the five females in the above number were recognized as the parties who passed worthless money in several stores in the city. On their persons was found \$500 in good bills rolled carefully, 8 and 9 in a bunch, being the change of each bad \$10 passed, but no bad money was found on either of them.

Philadelphia and its vicinity have also been recently flooded with this and other spurious money, and a number of men and women have been arrested. On Friday the Northern Liberties police discovered about \$3,800 worth of fraudulent bills on the premises of Daniel Tarr, a notorious counterfeiter. Tarr was committed to prison.

The Cincinnati Atlas of Thursday says:

Officer Hayman, on Monday night, arrested a man named Holliday, a reputed physician of this city, on a charge of passing counterfeit money. Two new counterfeit tens, on the State Bank of Ohio, were found in his possession. These bills are well executed, and calculated to deceive the most cautious. They can be detected, however, by their length—they being a quarter of an inch longer than the genuine.

SECRETS.—The reply of Charles J. when importuned to communicate something of a private nature, deserves to be engraved on the heart of every man: "Can you keep a secret?" asked the subtle monarch. "Most faithfully," returned the nobleman. "So can I," was the laconic and severe answer of Charles.